



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

some, but anglicised Markham by others; and in the same territory O'Lahiff is made Guthrie, which is altogether incorrect. In Tyrone the ancient name of Mac Rory is now invariably made Rogers, because Roger is assumed to be the English Christian name corresponding to the Irish Ruaidhri or Rory. In Connamara, in the west of the county of Galway, the ancient name of Mac Conry is now always made King, because it is assumed that *ry*, the last syllable of it, is from *right*, a king; but this is a gross error, for this family, who are of Dalcaasian origin, took their surname from their ancestor Curoi, a name which forms Conroi in the genitive case, and has nothing to do with *right*, a king; and the Kings of Connamara would therefore do well to drop their false name, a name to which they have no right, and re-assume their proper ancient and excellent name of Mac Conry, through which alone their pedigree and their history can be traced.

These examples, selected out of a long list of Irish surnames, erroneously translated, are sufficient to show the false process by which the Irish are getting rid of their ancient surnames. I shall next exhibit a few specimens of Irish surnames which have been assimilated to English or Scotch ones, from a fancied resemblance in the sounds of both.

In Ulster, Mac Mahon, the name of the celebrated chiefs of Oriel, a name which, as we have already seen, the poet Spenser attempted to prove to be an Irish form of Fitzursula, is now very frequently anglicised Matthews; and Mac Cawell, the name of the ancient chiefs of Kinel Ferady, is anglicised Camphill, Campbell, Howell, and even Cauldfield. In Thomond, the name O'Hionhair is anglicised Howard among the peasantry, and Ivers among the gentry, which looks strange indeed! And in the same county, the ancient Irish name of O'Beirne is metamorphosed to Byron; while in the original locality of the name, in Tir-Briuin na Sinna, in the east of the county of Roscommon, it is anglicised Bruin among the peasantry; but among the gentry, who know the historical respectability of the name, the original form O'Beirne is retained. In the province of Connaught we have met a family of the name of O'Heraghty, who anglicised their old Scotch name to Harrington, an innovation which we consider almost unpardonable. In the city of Limerick, the illustrious name of O'Shaughnessy is metamorphosed to Sandys, by a family who know their pedigree well; for no other reason, perhaps, than to disguise the Irish origin of the family; but we are glad to find it retained by the Roman Catholic Dean of Ennis, and also by Mr O'Shaughnessy of Galway, who, though now reduced to the capacity of a barber in the town of Galway, is the chief of his name, and now the senior representative of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connaught, who is celebrated in Irish history as the personification of hospitality. Strange turn of affairs! In the county of Londonderry, the celebrated old name O'Brollaghan is made to look English by being transmuted to Bradley, an English name of no lustre, at least in Ireland. In the county of Fermanagh, the O'Creighans have changed their name to Creighton, for no other reason than because a Colonel Creighton lives in their vicinity; and in the county of Leitrim, O'Fergus, the descendant of the ancient Erenachs of Rossinver, has, we are sorry to say, lately changed his name to Ferguson. Throughout the province of Ulster generally, very extraordinary changes have been made in the names of the aborigines; as, Mac Teige, to Montague; O'Mulligan, to Molyneaux; Mac-Gillycuskly, to Cosgrove; Mac Gillyglass, to Greene; O'Tuathalain, to Toland and Thulis; O'Hay to Hughes; O'Carellan to Carleton, as, for instance, our own William Carleton, the depicter of the manners, customs, and superstitions of the Irish, who is of the old Milesian race of the O'Cairellans, the ancient chiefs of Clandermot, in the present county of Londonderry; O'Hown, to Owens; Mac Gillyfinen, to Leonard; Mac Shane, to Johnson, and even Johnston; O'Gneeve, to Agnew; O'Clery, to Clarke; Mac Lave, to Hande; Mac Guiggin, to Goodwin; O'Hir, to Hare; O'Luane, to Lamb; Mac Conin, to Canning; O'Haughey, to Howe; O'Conwy, to Conway; O'Loingsy, to Lynch; Mac Namee, to Meath, &c, &c.

In Connaught, O'Greighan is changed to Graham; O'Cluman, to Coalman; O'Naghton, to Norton; Mac Rannal, to Reynolds; O'Heosa, to Hussey; Mac Firbis, to Forbes; O'Hargadon, to Hardiman (the learned author of the History of Galway, and compiler of the Irish Minstrelsy, is of this name, and not of English origin, as the present form of his name would seem to indicate); O'Mulfover, to Milford; O'Tiompain, to Tenpenny; O'Conagan, to Conyngham; O'Heyne, to Hindes and Hynes; O'Mulvihill, to Melville;

O'Rourke, to Rooke; Mac Gillakilly, to Cox and Woods. In Munster, O'Sesman is changed to Sexton; O'Shanahan, to Fox; O'Turran, to Troy; O'Mulligan, to Baldwin; O'Hiskeen, to Hastings; O'Nia, to Neville (in every instance!); O'Corey, to Curry; O'Sheedy, to Silke; O'Mulfaver, to Palmer; O'Trehy to Foote; O'Honeen, to Greene; O'Connaing, to Gunning; O'Murgaly, to Morley; O'Kinsellagh, to Kingsley and Tinsly; Mac Gillymire, to Merryman; O'Hehir, to Hare; O'Faelchon, to Wolfe; O'Barran, to Barrington; O'Keatey, to Keating; O'Connowe, to Conway; O'Credan, to Creed; O'Feehily, to Pickley; O'Ahern, to Heron, &c, &c.

Scores of similar instances might be given, but the number exhibited is sufficient to show the manner in which the Irish are assimilating their names with those of their conquerors.

#### SCRAP FROM THE NORTHERN SCRIP.

Translated for the Irish Penny Journal, from the publications of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen.]

##### NO. II.—AN IRISH HERDSMAN'S DOG.

After King Olave had married his Irish spouse Gyda, he dwelt partly in England, partly in Ireland. While King Olave was in Ireland, it so happened that he was engaged in a certain expedition attended by a great naval force. When they were short of plunder, they went ashore, and drove off a great multitude of cattle. Then a certain peasant followed them, begging that they would return him the cows which belonged to him in the herd they were driving away. King Olave answered, "Drive off your cows, if you know them, and can separate them from the herd of oxen, so as not to delay our journey; but I believe that neither you nor any one else can do this, from among so many hundreds of oxen as we are driving." The peasant had a large herdsman's dog, which he ordered to sort the herds of oxen that were collected. The dog ran about through all the herds of oxen, and drove off as many oxen as the peasant had said he wanted; all these oxen were marked in the same manner, from which they inferred that the dog had rightly distinguished them. Then the king says, "Your dog is very sagacious, peasant! will you give me the dog?" He answered, "I will, with pleasure." The king immediately gave him a large gold ring, and promised him his friendship. This dog was named Vigius, and he was of all dogs the most sagacious and the best; that dog was long in King Olave's possession.

G. D.

#### ANIMAL HEAT.

##### First Article.

A FEW years ago a conjuror made his appearance in London, whose performances were so wonderful that his audience, instead of being confined to the foolish and thoughtless people who usually encourage such exhibitions, included many of the most eminent philosophers and scientific men of the day. It may naturally be supposed that his feats must have been more than usually ingenious, to attract persons of such consequence; and indeed many of them were so wonderful, that, had he ventured to exhibit them a century or two ago, they would inevitably have led him to the stake or the scaffold, for having too intimate an acquaintance with a certain disreputable personage whom it is not necessary to particularize by name. This great conjuror defied all the ordinary laws of nature. He would not condescend to exhibit such vulgar mountebank tricks as crunching red-hot coals in his mouth, and dining on tenpenny nails; but he struck the faculty with the greatest horror, by making poison of all kinds his common food; breakfasting on a strong solution of arsenic, and taking a short drachm of prussic acid before dinner, as a whet for his appetite. More wonderful still was his manner of preparing this dinner: he used to have an oven heated intensely, every day, into which he walked, or crawled, with the greatest composure, taking with him a raw beef-steak, which in the course of seven or eight minutes was well cooked by the intense heat of the place, whilst the only effect of its high temperature on him was to quicken his pulse a little, and produce a gentle perspiration. Fire, indeed, appeared his element, and so perfectly could he control and master it, that he received almost by acclamation the title of "the Fire King."

Human greatness, however is but transitory, and even the laurels of the Fire King were wrested from him by the envious doctors of the metropolis, who wished him to drink prussic acid of *their own manufacture*, an invitation which he very politely and prudently declined. But though on this account

suspicion was cast on his pretensions as a poison-drinker, yet his reputation as a "Fire King" remained untarnished. He could continue in an oven heated above the temperature at which water boils, and he did so daily. There was no trick in this performance, for he used to take raw eggs into the oven with him, and send them out to the company, well done by the heat of the place alone. It was thought no man could imitate his example. But however wonderful the feats of this conjuror may appear to persons unacquainted with science, and while it must be confessed they were performed with an appearance of daring and temerity which certainly entitled the exhibitor to some degree of praise, yet his performances were merely a striking illustration of the power which every individual possesses of regulating the temperature of his own body; and there was scarcely one person of his audience but might himself have been the exhibitor, with very little training and with very little courage.

Of all the functions of the human body one of the most wonderful is that by which it maintains in every climate, and in every variety of season, an almost equal temperature. It would appear to be necessary for the due performance of the vital functions that this temperature should never suffer any great degree of variation, and nature has accordingly provided the means by which, when exposed to cold, the body can generate heat; and when exposed to heat, so reduce its temperature that no inconvenience shall result. Before considering the manner in which these very different though equally necessary results are produced, it will not be uninteresting to notice a few examples of the power of endurance shown by human beings and the lower animals in regard to extremes of temperature. In another paper we will endeavour to explain the cause.

One of the most striking and familiar of the laws of heat is what is termed by philosophers "its tendency to an equilibrium." For instance, if a heated iron ball is suspended nearly in contact with one quite cold, the former in a short time will have imparted so much of its heat to the latter that they will soon become almost of equal temperature. If a penny piece is thrown into a kettle of boiling water it will soon become as hot as the boiling water itself. If a cup of water is exposed to a temperature below 32 degrees, it parts with so much of its natural heat, to come into a state of equilibrium with the medium in which it is placed, that it is converted into ice. These and many more familiar instances might be mentioned as illustrating the law of heat above alluded to. In short, it may be received as one of the best established facts in philosophy, that any substance, no matter what may be its texture or natural qualities, provided it does not possess life, will soon acquire and maintain the same temperature as that of the medium in which it is placed, so long as it continues in that medium. A piece of the metal platinum in the furnace of a glass-house may be kept at a white heat for years; a similar piece of metal, in an ice-house, will remain below 32 degrees so long as it is kept there.

It would be unnecessary to notice so particularly these well-known facts, but that they will tend to render more striking the power which living bodies possess of resisting the law to which all unorganized bodies are subject. Any thing possessing life can maintain a different temperature to the medium in which it lives. The natural heat of fishes is two or three degrees above that of the water in which they live; the natural heat of creatures which live within the bowels of the earth, like the earth-worm for example, is as much above the usual temperature of the earth; while man himself maintains the heat of his body, as shown by the thermometer placed under the tongue or armpits, at about 98 degrees, under every variety of season, and in every climate under the sun. Were a human being to be kept imprisoned in an ice-house, the heat of his body could never sink to 32 degrees (the freezing point) while life remained. In these mighty reservoirs of ice and cold, the arctic regions, the blood of the rude creatures who exist there is as warm as that of ourselves; and at the torrid zone, where the heat of the sun is almost insupportable, the animal heat of the human frame is only one or two degrees higher than it is at the frozen poles.

The power of the superior animals, and especially of man, to resist high degrees of temperature, is very extraordinary. The account of the performances of the "Fire King" already noticed, is a sufficient proof of this. Dr Southwood Smith, in his excellent treatise on "Animal Physiology," gives a far more interesting description, however, of the accidental discovery of this property of life, from which we quote the fol-

lowing particulars:—"In the year 1760, at Rochefoucault. Messrs Du Hamel and Tillet, having occasion to use a large public oven on the same day in which bread had been baked in it, wished to ascertain with precision its degree of temperature. This they endeavoured to accomplish by introducing a thermometer into the oven at the end of a shovel. On being withdrawn, the thermometer indicated a degree of heat considerably above that of boiling water; but M. Tillet, convinced that the thermometer had fallen several degrees on approaching the mouth of the oven, and appearing to be at a loss how to rectify this error, a girl, one of the attendants on the oven, offered to enter and mark with a pencil the height at which the thermometer stood within the oven. The girl smiled at M. Tillet's appearing to hesitate at this strange proposition, and entering the oven, marked with a pencil the thermometer as standing at 260 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. M. Tillet began to express his anxiety for the welfare of his female assistant, and to press her return. This female salamander, however, assuring him that she felt no inconvenience from her situation, remained there ten minutes longer, when at length, the thermometer standing at that time at 289 degrees, or 76 degrees above that of boiling water, she came out of the oven, her complexion indeed considerably heightened, but her respiration by no means quick or laborious. The publication of this transaction exciting a great degree of attention, several philosophers repeated similar experiments, amongst which the most accurate and decisive were those performed by Doctors Fordyce and Blagden. The rooms in which these celebrated experimenters conducted their researches were heated by flues in the floor. There was neither any chimney in them, nor any vent for the air, excepting through the crevice at the door. Having taken off his coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and being furnished with wooden shoes tied on with lint, Dr Blagden went into one of the rooms as soon as the thermometer indicated a degree of heat above that of boiling water. The first impression of this heated air upon his body was exceedingly disagreeable, but in a few minutes his uneasiness was removed by a profuse perspiration. At the end of twelve minutes he left the room, very much fatigued, but no otherwise disordered. The thermometer had risen to 220 degrees; the boiling point is 212 degrees. In other experiments it was found that a heat even of 260 degrees could be borne with tolerable ease. At these high temperatures every piece of metal about the body of the experimenters became intolerably hot; small quantities of water placed in metallic vessels quickly boiled. Though the air of this room, which at one period indicated a heat of 264 degrees, could be breathed with impunity, yet of course the finger could not be put into the boiling water, which indicated only a heat of 212 degrees; nor could it bear the touch of quicksilver heated only to 120 degrees, nor scarcely that of spirits of wine at 110 degrees. But in a physiological view, the most curious and important point to be noticed is, that while the body was thus exposed to a temperature of 264 degrees, the heat of the body itself never rose above 101 degrees, or at most 102 degrees. In one experiment, while the heat of the room was 202 degrees, the heat of the body was only 99½ degrees; its natural temperature in a state of health being 98 degrees.

A similar power of withstanding extreme degrees of temperature is one of the peculiar properties of every thing possessing life. It is well known that an egg containing the living principle possesses the power of self-preservation for several weeks, although exposed to a degree of heat which would occasion the putrefaction of dead animal matter. During the period of incubation (hatching) the egg is kept at a heat of 103 degrees, the hen's egg for three, that of the duck for four weeks; yet when the chick is hatched, the entire yolk is found perfectly sweet, and that part of the white which has not been expended in the nourishment of the young bird is also quite fresh. It is found that if the living principle be destroyed, as it may be instantaneously, by passing the electric fluid through the egg, it becomes putrid in the same time as other dead animal matter. The power of the egg in resisting cold is proved to be equally great by several curious experiments of Hunter, the celebrated physiologist, which were so managed as to show at the same time both the power of the vital principle in resisting the physical agent, and the influence of the physical agent in diminishing the energy of the vital principle. Thus he exposed an egg to the temperature of 17 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, he found that it took about half an hour to freeze it. When thawed,

and again exposed to a cold atmosphere, it was frozen in one half the time, and when only at the temperature of 25 degrees. He then put a fresh egg, and one that had previously been frozen and again thawed, into a cold mixture at 15 degrees: the dead egg was frozen twenty-five minutes sooner than the fresh one. It is obvious that in the one case the undiminished vitality of the fresh egg enabled it to resist the low temperature for so long a period; in the other case the diminished or destroyed vitality of the frozen egg occasioned it speedily to yield to the influence of the physical agent.

Animals can withstand the effects of heat far better than the severity of cold. The human frame suffers comparatively little even in the burning deserts of Arabia, compared with what it endures in those wastes of ice and snow which form the polar regions. Here the body is stunted in its growth; there is no energy of mind or character; and life itself is only preserved by extraordinary care and attention. When a person is exposed to intense cold, it produces partial imbecility; he neglects even those precautions which may enable him to withstand its severity. He refuses to exercise his limbs, without which they become torpid; and, unable to resist the drowsiness that seizes on his frame, he resigns himself to its influence, becomes insensible, and dies. Even in our own climate this is not an unfrequent occurrence; and we cannot conclude this paper better than by quoting the expressive lines of Thomson, describing the death of an unhappy peasant from the severity of a winter storm:—

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
All winter drives along the darkened air;  
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his breast!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste  
Far from the track and blest abode of man,  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wildness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of covered pits unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs: Of precipices huge  
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land, unknown,  
What water of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrong bosom of the dying man—  
His wife—his children—and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire, fair, blazing, and the vestment warm.  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the minzling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold—  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense,  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,  
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

J. S. D.

**GRAVITY.**—Gravity is an arrant scoundrel, and one of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one; and we verily believe that more honest, well-meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. The very essence of gravity is design, and consequently deceit; it is in fact a taught trick to gain credit with the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is really worth.

## WAR.

WAR, it is said, kindles patriotism; by fighting for our country we learn to love it. But the patriotism which is cherished by war, is ordinarily false and spurious, a vice and not a virtue, a scourge to the world, a narrow unjust passion, which aims to exalt a particular state on the humiliation and destruction of other nations. A genuine enlightened patriot discerns that the welfare of his own country is involved in the general progress of society; and in the character of a patriot, as well as of a Christian, he rejoices in the liberty and prosperity of other communities, and is anxious to maintain with them the relations of peace and amity.

It is said that a military spirit is the defence of a country. But it more frequently endangers the vital interests of a nation, by embroiling it with other states. This spirit, like every other passion, is impatient for gratification, and often precipitates a country into unnecessary war. A people have no need of a military spirit. Let them be attached to their government and institutions by habit, by early associations, and especially by experimental conviction of their excellence, and they will never want means or spirit to defend them.

War is recommended as a method of redressing national grievances. But unhappily the weapons of war, from their very nature, are often wielded most successfully by the unprincipled. Justice and force have little congeniality. Should not Christians everywhere strive to promote the reference of national as well as of individual disputes to an impartial umpire? Is a project of this nature more extravagant than the idea of reducing savage hordes to a state of regular society? The last has been accomplished. Is the first to be abandoned in despair?

It is said that war sweeps off the idle, dissolute, and vicious members of the community. Monstrous argument! If a government may for this end plunge a nation into war, it may with equal justice consign to the executioner any number of its subjects whom it may deem a burden on the state. The fact is, that war commonly generates as many profligates as it destroys. A disbanded army fills the community with at least as many abandoned members as at first it absorbed.

It is sometimes said that a military spirit favours liberty. But how is it, that nations, after fighting for ages, are so generally enslaved? The truth is, that liberty has no foundation but in private and public virtue; and virtue, as we have seen, is not the common growth of war.

But the great argument remains to be discussed. It is said that without war to excite and invigorate the human mind, some of its noblest energies will slumber, and its highest qualities, courage, magnanimity, fortitude, will perish. To this I answer, that if war is to be encouraged among nations because it nourishes energy and heroism, on the same principle war in our families, and war between neighbourhoods, villages, and cities, ought to be encouraged; for such contests would equally tend to promote heroic daring and contempt of death. Why shall not different provinces of the same empire annually meet with the weapons of death, to keep alive their courage? We shrink at this suggestion with horror; but why shall contests of nations, rather than of provinces or families, find shelter under this barbarous argument?

I observe again: if war be a blessing, because it awakens energy and courage, then the savage state is peculiarly privileged; for every savage is a soldier, and his whole modes of life tend to form him to invincible resolution. On the same principle, those early periods of society were happy, when men were called to contend, not only with one another, but with beasts of prey; for to these excitements we owe the heroism of Hercules and Theseus. On the same principle, the feudal ages were more favoured than the present; for then every baron was a military chief, every castle frowned defiance, and every vassal was trained to arms. And do we really wish that the earth should again be overrun with monsters, or abandoned to savage or feudal violence, in order that heroes may be multiplied? If not, let us cease to vindicate war as affording excitement to energy and courage.—Channing.

Suffer not your spirit to be subdued by misfortunes, but, on the contrary, steer right onward, with a courage greater than your fate seems to allow.

Printed and published every Saturday by GUNN and CAMERON, at the Office of the General Advertiser, No. 6, Church Lane, College Green, Dublin.—Agents:—R. GHOOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, London; SIMMS and DINHAM, Exchange Street, Manchester; C. DAVIES, North John Street, Liverpool; JOHN MENZIES, Prince's Street, Edinburgh; and DAVID ROBERTSON, Trongate, Glasgow.